

Concluded from page seven.

ship of sixty-eight, to over twenty-six thousand societies and one million five hundred and seventy-seven thousand and forty. Who can measure the good that is being done by all these young hearts consecrated to Christ's services? And who can predict what good will be done by them in the years to come? Already the sheaves are being garnered in. Reports have been sent in to the United Society of one hundred and fifty-eight thousand soul set to work for Christ and the church in one year! Can the Brethren church afford to leave its young people to care for themselves? Can it afford to leave them out in the world or to drift into other churches? No! not if it would be a power for good in the years to come.

Beaver City, Neb.

Childrens Department.

A TRUE STORY.

BY H. M. LICHTY

WRAY, COLO., Apr. 4th, 1894.

A missionary who is working in the northern part of British America among the Indians tells his experience in introducing singing among these people. He says as a rule the Indians do not sing. Many seem to be unable to use their voice at all in song. But the missionary introduced singing and found that it was a great help to influence them to nobler purposes. He found however that while he could not teach the children to sing with any degree of success that his labors were not in vain. So he persevered introducing every expedient he could think of to interest them in the exercise. One fall when going out from Montreal he bought some good jack knives as rewards for good singing. So when he reached his field he showed the boys the jack knives and told them he would give them an opportunity to become the owners of the handsome knives by an earnest and determined effort to do good singing. So he arranged for a contest. One of the boys who entered this contest could not sing at all. In fact none could sing well. After the contest it was found that two had come out a tie for the highest place. They were hence unable to decide who should have the best knife. So the missionary left it to the two to decide for themselves as to who should have the knife. They immediately went to the

back part of the room put their heads together and after a very serious consultation decided to give the knife to the poor cripple who could not sing at all. They said they could run and hunt and make a living, but the boy could do nothing but make arrows. So if he would make the arrows they would do the hunting. My brother heard the missionary tell this story. There is more than one good lesson in it. What little boy or girl will write a letter and tell us what we may learn from this?

HOMER'S SAYINGS.

[We receive a paper called *Ram's Horn*. It contains only short items; but they are hard hits at evil. Homer always liked to have us read this paper to him. One day he said, "Papa, I could write such things as them myself". We told him to do so. The following is his first attempt. Ed.]

The Lord is willing for anything if you have faith.

We ought to join church before twelve years of age.

Be afraid to do wrong only.

When you are in danger pray for help, and then wait for an answer.

What thing does the Lord do for you?

You ought to pray anyhow twice a day.

How many of you pity the boys whose papas get drunk and beat them?

The Lord will hear your prayers any time.

Remember to pray in Jesus name.

Remember the Golden Rule. Remember lies are not allowed.

Milford, Ind., April 1, 1894.

Dear Editor:—I like to go to Sunday school. I have two brothers older and one sister younger than my-self. My oldest brother got kicked by a colt, in his mouth, and knocked all of his upper teeth out on one side—except one—cut his lip and chin so bad it had to be sewed up. No body knows how bad we were scared, but he is well now.

Yours truly,

Lillie Troup.

We trust you thank God that your brother still lives. Bless him for all his benefits.

Maurertown, Va. Mch. 28, 1894.

Dear Editor:—I am in favor of having a page for the children, and I will help to fill it. I hope I will see my other letter in print soon. I am now through the New Testament, and am starting through the old one. Our pastor E. B. Shaver will preach for the Johnstown city church until they can get some suitable man. The church here would not agree that he might go to stay.

Good-bye,

Rose Brinker.

Rosie, we did not put your letter in the waste basket. We have not yet received any letter which we could not read or publish. Come again.

Norcatour, Kansas, March 27, 1894.

Dear Editor:—I did not see my other let-

ter in print but I will try again. We had Easter exercises and a nice time. The house was full. It was decorated nicely. The children all had nice pieces. Each child there received a nice Easter card. We have not had any meeting, since Elder D. M. Rittenhouse went to Ohio. We are lonesome without preaching. We have prayer meeting, at Mount Zion every Wednesday night.

Yours truly,

May Holben.

Very good letter both in make up and matter.

Goblesville, Ind., Mar. 30, '94,

Dear Editor:—The brethren have organized a sister's society. I saw in Clara's little letter that she had the white swelling. My ma's uncle had the white swelling for a number of years and was cured with a salve that we have. If you wish it ma will send you the receipt free of charge. I like to go to church.

Yours truly,

Herbert A. Brown.

We presume you mean that the Sisters organized a Sister's Society, Herbert. If Clara will read the Bible carefully she will find that Jesus gave a receipt to cure white swelling that will not cost anything either. If any of you find it please report.

LOUISVILLE, OHIO, April 12, 1894.

Dear Editor:—This is a beautiful morning. I am glad when winter is over and summer comes. I am going to school now. My teacher's name is Monroe —. Last term I got twenty-five cents for excellence in writing. I will send ten cents of it for Mr. Holsinger. Sunday evening is missionary meeting at Louisville. I will speak a piece entitled, "A little Pilgrim" or "Jesus paid the fare." I will send you a little selection for the children's page, that I have spoken, entitled "Take care". I am nine years old. I hope Homer will get well.

Zylpha Ellen Summers.

CHICAGO, ILL., Apr. 5th, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—I am going to try to write again while I am in Chicago. I board just one block from the World's Fair grounds. Mamma is dressing and papa is in bed sleeping yet. It is about 15 minutes till 6 o'clock, and we haven't ate our breakfast yet. I am getting well already. I began getting better the first night that the doctor prayed over me. I had a big long ride on the Elevated railroad from one end to the other, and then right back to the other end where I started from. I am feeling pretty well this morning. What did Cain answer when the Lord asked him where his brother was?

Yours Truly,

HOMER R. HARRISON.

JENNINGS, LA., Mar. 28th, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR:—I accepted your proposition for writing a letter every month but did not see my letter in print last month. I presume you had so many letter to print that you did not get them all in and that you would keep count of my letters any way. We have had a great deal of rain this spring; some of the strawberries are getting ripe. We have plenty of flowers of different kinds—Easter lilies and roses. There will be an ice cream social to-night.

ORA GRUBB.

What did Jesus say about the lilies? What grand truth did he teach thereby Ora?